

THE LITERARY TABLET.

BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

VOL. III.]

HANOVER, (N. H.) WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18, 1806.

[No. 21.]

SELECTIONS.

The Candide of Voltaire, and the Rasselas of Johnson, morally and literally compared.

"The means are different, but the end the same."

It is nearly impossible to read the *Candide* of Voltaire, and Johnson's *Rasselas*, without an involuntary comparison of their respective excellencies. The subject of each, human life, is equally important; and though they both agree as to its misery, yet the modes of treating it forms the most striking contrast in the characters and the styles of the two men, and, in a very happy manner, discriminates their turn of national thought. There is a conciseness and an elegance in the Frenchman, that is inimitable. He is here, as in all his other writings, evidently above his subject; plays with it as with a toy, and his narration every where sparkles with the coruscations of an active, and mercurial imagination. Humour heightened by the most cutting irony, is his predominant feature, and his caricatures ever extort the laugh of approbation. The judgment of the reader is hurried away by the variety, and rapid succession of the scenes, the novelty of the incidents, the vivacity of the diction, and the irresistible ridicule pervading the whole. The miseries of mankind claim no more of his compassion than their follies. Neither the sufferings of *Candide*, nor those of his acquaintance, once awaken the sigh of sympathy, and the vicissitudes they undergo, however extraordinary and cruel, with singular felicity, are made the source of our delight. The obdurate prejudices of Pangloss, his pertinacious adherence to his favourite maxim in spite of experience, and in the midst of the heaviest affliction and universal calamity, sharpen the shafts of ridicule which the author levels against him with happiest effect; while the wavering doubts, the unbounded generosity, and amiable simplicity of his pupil, divert, reconcile, and endear him to us to the last. In no part hardly have we leisure to feel a moral. The selfish baseness and unfeeling ingratitude of mankind, serve but to provoke our mirth, and we are prepared for the burst of humour which commonly follows the most atrocious actions.* We indeed remember our own Miss Cunegund and smile at former prejudices, satisfied that there are finer castles than Thunder Ten Tronk, and if the want of more than two-and-seventy armorial quarterings in our escutcheons did not prevent the union of our first loves, death or some other fatality, in all probability, had done it for us. And these are among the most serious reflections that *Candide* offers to the mind, or recalls to the memory. His six dethroned kings, though true to historic fact, serve only as figurants to fill up his grand carnival masquerade, and the awful example they furnish

of the instability of human grandeur and power, scarcely strike us. Even the insensible depravity of the Dutch sailor during the earthquake, drawn in true costume fails to raise our indignation and abhorrence. He too cracks his jokes amid the most tremendous, and desolating scenes, the groans of the dying, and the mangled presence of the dead; and we behold a magnificent and populous city, with all its "gorgeous palaces, solemn temples, and cloud-capt towers," buried with its inhabitants without a groan. The author is always sure to please. He addresses himself constantly to the senses of his readers, and the feather of his pen tickles the brain, without correcting the heart. His actors are a kind of harlequins, who undergo such transformations on the natural, as we see them on the artificial stage, and our pleasure arises from the same cause in both;—the skill with which we are deceived; while the exquisite colouring of the scenes, and the dexterity in changing them, complete the delusion. At one time, they are wantonly butchered; at another, solemnly hanged; then they are burned, for our amusement: when lo! a new deception, and we behold them once more to be deceived again. Such are the magic powers of Voltaire's wit!

How different are our emotions in reading the *Prince of Abyssinia*! While our imaginations luxuriously indulge in the description of the Happy Valley, we have barely time to catch a glimpse of supposed bliss, when *Rasselas* steps forth and obscures it. The solemnity of the style increases with the importance of the story. Our interest in the fate of the prince never forsakes us for a moment. Our hopes soar on the artificial wings of his friend the mechanist, and when he drops, our fears rise. We behold him in the lake, lend a help to draw him ashore, and then retire with *Rasselas* to a temporary dejection, which soon gives way to hope for a happier event. We next follow the prince to the middle of the mountain, work with him until day-light is discovered beyond the prominence, and issuing with him to the top, our fancy, with rapture, beholds "The Nile, yet a narrow current, wandering beneath us." Our hearts, too, in unison with his, "Seem to bound like prisoners escaped, and we share in the delights of a wider horizon." With *Imlac* also, we recollect, with increase of sensibility, the sensations, which vibrated within us, on our first casting our eyes on the "Expanse of the mighty deep." We embark with him "On the world of waters, cast our eyes round with pleasing terror, think our souls enlarged by the boundless prospect, and imagine we could gaze for ever, but soon find ourselves grow weary with looking on barren uniformity;" and while we recognise these images, thus reflected on our memories, "We enjoy, for a moment, the powers of a poet."

The survey of mankind which follows, their various habits, professions, and employments, leave a deep impression on the mind, and the heart is always mended through the understanding. Every chapter is, indeed a moral, and wisdom teaches in every page. The author's reasoning shines with all the splendor

and force of truth; his diction glows with imagery, and is every where profuse of all the beautiful and sublime decorations of eastern style and phraseology. The whole work, moreover, may be considered, as has been justly observed, "A beautiful poem in prose," original in its construction, and abounding in the most important and penetrating observations; at once solid and refined, awful and profound; often new, and always just; and the reader, whatever may have been the vicissitudes of his own life, is taught the useful lesson—to be contented in the sphere it has pleased Providence to appoint him. Voltaire wantons in fallies of sportiveness; commits his genius to the wings of fancy, and, regardless of probability, explores regions of imaginary nature, and paints them in the most fascinating colors. The images he chiefly presents to the mind, please from their novelty, and the spell that gives the principal interest to his heroes, is nothing less than absurdity itself. Of men, he draws the individual, rather than the species, and manners rather than life. His characters are, however, finely drawn, highly contrasted, and artfully discriminated; and though he contents himself with a comparatively narrow observation of the different modes of human existence, yet, is the sphere of his hero's action expanded over the old and new world. His reflections and deductions are few, and seldom serious. *for how can we expect morality from him, who reasons only to deride.* Johnson, rejecting sprightliness, indulges in stately solemnity; takes a less excursive range: but his descriptions and characters embrace all the modifications of life and manners, from a court to a cottage; from the lucubrations of the learned, to the diurnal avocations of the peasant. The great and invariable outlines of human nature are thus filled up with all the different shades and tints of coloring that give existence to his picture, and prove the copy's faithfulness to the grand original.

His delineations and conclusions are adapted to men of letters, rather than to the unthinking and vulgar. Hence, the Frenchman has the most numerous admirers, and the Englishman the most select. The former wrote to delight only; the latter blends instruction with amusement. All can laugh with the one, but few have the philosophy to moralize with the other. Of inventive powers, as distinct from the effusions of mere fancy, in which Voltaire so much excels, Johnson must claim pre-eminence. The former having borrowed his Country of El Dorado, and means of arriving there, partly from history, and partly from the Arabian Nights Entertainments,* It is the happy valley, in a larger scale, and is a singular coincidence of train of thought, that both authors should have conceived the same plan to demonstrate the impossibility of contentment in this world. But Johnson's is all his own, tradition, according to Milton, having placed the Paradise which secured the progeny of the Abyssinian monarchs on mount Omara, and he

* Vide *Sinbad's sixth voyage*.

* In justice to Mr. Voltaire, it ought to be observed, that the remark of the old man on the banks of Prepotis, in respect to the cultivation of his garden, deserves to be written in letters gold.

himself has chosen a mount for our first parents, in his own scheme.†

How far Johnson's exceeds Voltaire's in richness and luxuriance of imagination, and justness of conception, the readers of *Rasselas* and *Candide* may determine; and they may also decide the preference between the learned, and comprehensive definition of the various qualities essential to a poet, so eloquently described by Imlac, and the keen sagacity; and fastidious delicacy, exemplified in the most noble and erudite critic, Pococurante. As to style, it would be difficult to choose where both are models in their respective ways, and alike demand equal admiration.

The performance of the one, is a personal satire on an individual,‡ as well as a general one on mankind, embellished with the most ludicrous, yet the most acute, poignant, and, sometimes, malignant sarcasms on human nature with which profligacy itself could have attired it: that of the other, an affecting, but true likeness of man's frailties, his weaknesses, and his wants, such as he really is, without the broad mirth of unfeeling humor to hide them.

The reflections that follow are solemn and sad; and nothing but the hope which offers of perfect happiness in another world can recompense us for the misery we have seen experienced in this. But it should be remembered, in favor of the author of *Rasselas*, that as men would laugh rather than weep, the design of *Candide* has an accidental advantage to which genius can lay no claim. It must be, after all, confessed, that, though the Frenchman places every thing in a ridiculous point of view, the Englishman throws a sombre cast over his picture, that accords with his constitutional melancholy, and national phlegm. Yet it is somewhat remarkable, that both authors should leave the mind in a kind of suspense: *Candide* being in doubt at the last, whether all is not for the best; and *Rasselas* seeing throughout all the diversified conditions of men, happiness no where to be found, determines without fixing the choice of life, to return to Abyssinia. The grave and saturnine may safely solace themselves with *Candide*, while the frolic and the gay would do well to attend to the history of *Rasselas*.* B. B.

† The scholar may amuse himself by comparing the happy valley with the celebrated gardens of the Roman Flora, and the Grecian Alcivous; and those of the African Hesperides, and the Asiatic Horti Adonis. Milton's description yields to neither.

‡ Leibnitz.

* It is a curious and well known fact, that Voltaire, and Johnson were writing their histories about the same time, without either being privy to the other's design. Johnson wrote his "In seven evenings to defray his mother's funeral expenses." What time Voltaire employed to finish his is not known. Vide Boswell's Johnson.

Correspondence between Mr. Sterne and Mrs. Draper.

ELIZA TO YORICK—No. III.

KIND YORICK,

Ten o'clock.

I PERUSED your epistle, as I always do, with infinite pleasure. I am charmed with your account of that worthy nobleman, Lord Bathurst—half a score of such as him, would render old age amiable, redeem it from the character of moroseness, and render it the most

desirable period of life. The company his Lordship has kept, and the friendship he has courted, sufficiently evidence his understanding.—The manner of his introducing himself to you, at the Princess of Wales' Court, is enough to render his name respectable. I am obliged to his Lordship, for his good opinion of me, though I only shone like the moon, with borrowed light. I cannot merit his encomiums—they are not due to myself; but to my picture, as drawn by your brilliant imagination. Your kind fancy was the sun that gave me the light which his Lordship admired—You speak with seraphick truth, when you say, "Heaven gives us strength proportioned to the weight it lays upon us."—I have experienced it—for I found fortitude increase with my illness, and, as strength decayed, my dependence upon Providence grew stronger; but I am better, thank Heaven. You bid me hope every thing—I do—hope is the balm of my soul—the kind soother of my anguish upon all occasions.—The time approaches for my departure from England—I could wish you to be of the voyage—your conversation would shorten the tedious hours, and smooth the rough bosom of the deep—I should find no terrors from the wavering elements, nor dread the dangers that surround my floating prison—yet why should I wish to call you from your peaceful retirement and domestic happiness, to trust the precarious ocean, and seek an inclement sky?—Cruel thought, Eliza!—be content to bear thy Yorick's image in thy mind, and to treasure his instruction in thy heart—then thou wilt be properly sustained against the changes of fortune, and the dangers of the deep—then wilt thou be, in the true sense of expression, Yorick's

ELIZA.

YORICK to ELIZA.....[No. IV.]

I Write this, Eliza, at Mr. James's, whilst he is dressing, and the dear girl, his wife, is writing beside me, to thee.—I got your melancholy billet before we sat down to dinner. 'Tis melancholy indeed, my dear, to hear so piteous an account of thy sickness! Thou art encompassed with evils enow, without that additional weight! I fear it will sink thy poor soul, and body with it, past recovery—Heaven supply thee with fortitude! We have talked of nothing but thee, Eliza, and of thy sweet virtues, and endearing conduct, all the afternoon. Mrs. James, and thy Bramer, have mixt their tears a hundred times in speaking of thy hardships, thy goodness, thy graces.—The ****s, by heavens, are worthless! I have heard enough to tremble at the articulation of the name.—How could you, Eliza, leave them, (or suffer them to leave you rather,) with impressions the least favourable! I have told thee enough to plant disgust against their treachery to thee, to the last hour of thy life! Yet still, thou toldest Mrs. James at last, that thou believest they affectionately love thee.—Her delicacy to my Eliza, and true regard to her ease of mind, have saved thee from hearing more glaring proofs of their baseness.—For God's sake write not to them; nor foul thy fair character with such polluted hearts.—They love thee! What proof? Is it their actions that say so? or their zeal for those attachments, which do thee honour, and make thee happy? or their tenderness for thy fame? No.—But they weep, and say tender things.—Adieu to all such forever. Mrs. James's honest

heart revolts against the idea of ever returning them one visit.—I honour her, and I honour thee, for almost every act of thy life, but this blind partiality for an unworthy being.

Forgive my zeal, dear girl, and allow me a right which arises only out of that fund of affection I have, and shall preserve for thee to the hour of my death! Reflect, Eliza, what are my motives for perpetually advising thee? think whether I can have any, but what proceed from the cause I have mentioned! I think you are a very deserving woman; and that you want nothing but firmness, and a better opinion of yourself, to be the best female character I know. I wish I could inspire you with a share of that vanity your enemies lay to your charge; (though to me it has never been visible) because I think in a well turned mind, it will produce good effects.

I probably shall never see you more; yet I flatter myself you'll sometimes think of me with pleasure; because you must be convinced I love you, and so interest myself in your rectitude, that I had rather hear of any evil befalling you, than your want of reverence for yourself. I had not power to keep this remonstrance in my breast.—It's now out; so adieu. Heaven watch over my Eliza. Thine, YORICK.

ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

Disorder of Intellect.

THERE is scarce any man, in whose mind imagination does not sometimes seize the reins of government, and predominate over the exertions of reason; in whose intellect, airy phantoms do not sometimes tyrannize and force him beyond the limits of sober probability.

An important train of thought engages the attention; the mind turning with disgust from every other object, continually dwells on its favorite conception.

In the labor of thought and the ardor of speculation, it expatiates in the fields of boundless futurity, and gathers in its wild excursions, every thing which imagination can possibly suggest, as connected with the subject of meditation. The reign of fancy is strengthened and confirmed; the mind gathering fresh phantoms from the gloom of solitude and its own natural resources, soon feasts or sickens on the sweetness, or the bitterness of falsehood, and is frenzied by dreams of hope, or fears of "rapture or of anguish." H.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

True greatness depends on the motives of action.

THERE are none who deserve superiority over others in the esteem of mankind, who do not make it their endeavor to be beneficial to society; and who upon all occasions which their circumstances of life can administer, do not take a certain unfeigned pleasure in conferring benefits of one kind or other. Those whose great talents and high birth have placed them in conspicuous stations of life, are indispensably obliged to exert some noble inclination for the service of the world, or else such advantages become misfortunes, and shade and privacy are a more eligible portion. Where opportunities and inclinations are given

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to the same person, we sometimes see sublime instances of virtue, which so dazzle our imaginations that we look with scorn on all which in lower scenes of life we may ourselves be able to practise. But this is a vicious way of thinking; and it beats some spice of romantic madness, for a man to imagine that he must grow ambitious, or seek adventures, to be able to do great actions. It is in every man's power in the world, who is above mere poverty, not only to do things worthy, but heroic. The great foundation of civil virtue is self-denial; and there is no one above the necessities of life, but has opportunities of exercising that noble quality and doing as much as his circumstances will bear for the ease and convenience of other men; and he who does more than ordinarily men practise, upon such occasions as occur in his life, deserves the esteem of his friends, as if he had done enterprises, which are usually attended with the highest glory. Men of public spirit differ rather in their circumstances than their virtue; and the man who does all he can in a low station, is more a hero than he who omits any worthy action he is able to accomplish in a great one. L.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

DISSIMULATION.

NO one trait, in the character of man, has ruled with so uninterrupted a sway, as *dissimulation*. On its first appearance in the world, with the *old deceiver*, it received a joyful welcome to the affections of our common mother. Mark its reign through succeeding ages. Not a period has elapsed, which has not been favourable to the domination of this despotic passion. *Modern politeness*, with her numerous and agreeable concomitants, cherishes *dissimulation* as her introductory accomplishment. The simple and credulous person, only, is insinuated, and rendered vain, by this *vile stratagem*. The villain and the rake, only, are nearly enough allied to their father, the devil, to practise deceit. The former, actuated by a hellish passion, has recourse to this artifice, to conceal some nefarious machination! the latter, ignorant of true refinement, that he may gain the admiration of a gazing *prude*.

Although I have specified some notorious friends to dissimulation; yet, the number of its votaries, almost, equals the number of rational beings. Some, who know no restraint, but gratification to the extent of sensuality, practise flattery, as the most direct way, to seduce, and ruin. Others, who are not so badly principled, by this, insinuate themselves into the esteem of mankind, wishing to be venerated as perfect models of imitation. With melancholy I proceed! *Professors of christianity* are, many of them, contaminated with this *demoniacal contagion*. They plead, that it increases the happiness of those, on whom it is imposed, that it renders a person more popular, therefore, they indulge it, in a restricted sense. Thus, has this deadly poison found an asylum in the breast of almost every descendant of Adam. O sad dilemma of apostate man! Thy most approved conduct is the same, as *his*, who first brought shame upon the innocence of modest Eve, and then, endured the curse of a justly frowning God. O thou fallen Angel of light, how merciless thine heart, thus, to have availed thyself of the *weakness*, which is a beauty of the female sex. But shudder, my

soul, at the *horrid* thought, that man has taken the devil's place. How indefatigable is man, in his round of dissimulation. With arrogance does he boast his superiority over the fair, in point of stability. With eagle's ken, he watches every avenue to her weakest passion, that he may exult in female victories, and murdered chastity. But, what character among human beings, deserves the *coquette*? Surely, she is possessed of the most fordid, the most despicable disposition of any, who have shared in the general contagion. Those charms, which the author of nature has bestowed upon her, to excite the sympathy, and gain the protection of the opposite sex, she has prostituted to the most infamous purposes. To win the friendship, by fair pretensions, and then disdain the friend, who knowing nothing but sincerity, has become the victim of her deceit, is all her glory. Thus, by despising honesty in her suitors, and wounding the hearts, of but few, she not only forfeits all claim to respectability, but to this calamity she entails the disgrace of dwindling away the wretched life of an *old maid*. As mother Eve first encouraged the dire dissimulation of satan, and by her fascinating intrigue, dragged her companion to the perpetration of the same perfidious conduct; so the *coquette*, by approbating the flattery of the rake, cherishes in her bosom the viper, that is preparing to inflict the poisonous wound. O my beloved clay-fellows, from this scanty survey of the effects of your much esteemed principle, *dissimulation*, who of you does not blush for having carelessly so *hostile* a foe.—“O! tempora! O! mores!” W.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PRESENT STATE OF ENGLISH POETRY.

THE present state of English poetry has few claims to applause. The days of Cowper are past, and no brother bard has great pretensions to excellence. The cause of degeneracy is difficult to be ascertained, unless it is that books and reasoning have driven fancy and feeling into exile. But wherever the muses may be, in London, or on the highlands, in distant retreat, or in crowded companies, they have discreet worshippers, who would probably search for their residence with more ardor, than the Swiss huntsmen for the craggy jut of the chamois. I am unwilling to believe, that England cannot produce poets.—The land of Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Thompson, and Gray, has not grown sterile. There are scenes still to be described as prodigious, as the cliff of Dover, which Shakespeare has painted true to nature; and hills as beautiful, as that of Richmond, kissed continually by the Thames, only want the verses of Thompson to make them visited and admired. The spring is still lovely. The cuckoo is yet heard in the gardens, and the hawthorn hedge has not ceased to bud, and the horizon continues to be lovely, and the early roses are still wetted with the dew drops of the morning.—But the English poets seem not to be animated by the return of day and night; and they continue lifeless and indifferent amid the revolutions of the seasons. Southey in the opinion of many produced a fine poem in the Joan of Arc, and by general suffrage discovered talents, which prognosticated a national epic. But all have been disappointed. His “*Madoc*” has beautiful scenes, but is deficient as a whole.

It wants the unity of the critics, and the ing thoughts of the anticritics. Both parties have therefore been careless of pleasing him; and the English reader, not having found in his poem the Colconda mine of gems and gold, now reverts to the harmonious versification of Pope, or the natural landscapes of Cowper. I know not why Southey failed. He certainly has powers of no common kind. He was not indeed so carefully nursed by the muses and graces on the hills or in the vallies, as Thompson; and fancy did not blow on him so strong a breath, as on Burns; yet he has scenes, and little delicate phrases, and nice peculiarities, and sometimes strong bursts of passion, which exhibit something more, than the quotidianarum harum formarum.

So much for Southey. Coleridge is the boast of many a vulgar mind; but, if the commons honor him, the lords reject, the prince disclaims him. Bloomfield too pretends to something more, than shoemaking. I care little for his pretensions to a myrtle wreath, as I know, that the muses are tired of his lays. Whom these ladies love, I cannot tell; but I feel certain, that they never paced the streets of London in Bloomfield shoes, and with Bloomfield for a beau; for they are nymphs of the valley and mountain, and they love to linger along the solitary woodwalks of Cowper, and traverse the heath and the hill, where Burns picked his wild scented daisy, and spent with the cotter his Saturday night.—[*Lit. Mig.*]

INTEMPERANCE.

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War its thousands slays,
Peace its ten thousands; in th' embattled plain,
Tho' death exults, and claps his raven wings,
Yet reigns he not ev'n there so absolute,
So merciless as in your frantic scenes
Of midnight revel and tumultuous mirth,
Where in th' intoxicating draught conceal'd,
Or couch'd beneath the glance of lawless love,
He snares the simple youth, who nought suspecting
Means to be blest:—But finds himself undone.
Down the smooth stream of time the stripling darts,
Gay as the morn; bright grows the vernal skies,
Hope swells his sails, and passion steers his course;
Safe glides his little bark along the shore,
Where virtue takes her stand, but if too far,
He launches forth beyond discretion's mark,
Sudden the tempest scowls, the surges roar,
Blot her fair day, and plunge him in the deep:
O! sad—but sure mischance!

EPIGRAM.

By favouring wit, Mæcenæ purchased fame;
Virgil's own work immortalized his name:
A double share of fame is Dorset's due;
At once the patron and the poet too.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE editor returns his acknowledgments to his correspondents for their favors.

He hopes his ‘*Lazy Correspondent*’ will throw off a little of his sloth, and make more frequent communications.

A. Z's Poetical favors will be always gratefully received.

We should like to hear often from ‘*Sensation*.’

We hope ‘*Selima*’ will not forget us—We shall not forget her, while we can peruse the effusions of her poetic fancy.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

A MORNING RAMBLE.

BRIGHT Phœbus this morning arose,
And with splendour illumin'd the west;
Sweet odours the woodbines disclos'd;
The groves in gay beauty were drest:
The season was charming indeed;
The scenes gave delight to the eye;
We tript along over the mead,
'Twas Mira, Maria and I.

I tell you, ye sportsmen of fame!
Who ramble for pleasure around,
That pleasure is nought but a name
Where virtue is not to be found.
As chaste as the Zephyrs of June,
When roses and lilies combine,
Was the pleasure, the prize and the boon;
'Twas Mira's, Maria's and mine.

Each pluck'd me a rose from the spray;
They seeming in kindness to vie;
Were nymphs ever fairer than they?
Or shepherd more happy than I?
If Adam in Eden caref'd
By one Eve pure happiness knew,
Then surely I doubly was blest
When sweetly caressed by two.

EUGENIO.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

A FRAGMENT.

WHO goes tripping o'er the plain?
Is it Mary passing,
Gaily fingering with her swain;
Now so sweetly kissing?

Yes, I know her lovely form,
See her sweetly smiling,
From breasts dispelling ev'ry storm,
Ev'ry care beguiling.

Fly, curs'd envy from my soul,
Cease, my passions teasing;
Sure the roses, in full bloom,
Look not half so pleasing.

If Mary all her charms bestow
On some fond swain caressing;
Let me the heav'nly gift forego,
Nor rob him of the blessing.

Ah! see her give the kiss of love,
See him the pledge receiving;
Would Heav'n, the sweet might Hemlock
prove,
And blast the wretch deceiving!

Why thus with curs'd malicious eye,
Am I their actions viewing?
Cease, my heart, to heave the sigh,
Cease a shade pursuing.

Where alas! is every joy
In my breast combining?
Envy and hate my peace destroy,
Round my heart entwining.

Where alas! have pleasures fled,
Late my bosom filling;
Every pleasure now is dead,
Cease my blood from thrilling.

N.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

TO SALLY.

DEAR Sally, O, why are you coy?
Why purest wishes do you scorn,
Disperse my 'plaints, my peace destroy,
And make me wretched and forlorn?

My Sal is clear honey,
She's bought with no money;
So sharp is her eye, Sir,
Who fees her must die, Sir.

To love when you cannot love me,
Is grieving to me fore, is killing;
Behold my tears, me languid see;
Your softening heart must sure be willing.

There's no so fine body,
So fair and so ruddy;
No; now like my Sally;
How pretty she'll dally.

Where e'er I am by day or night,
In distant climes, or in my bed,
Your charming form is fair in sight,
Your walk, your words are in my head.

Sal's steps are so handsome,
To see her once dance some,
With airs so bewitching,
'Twould set you a itching.

Am I debar'd such joys to sip?
To feast delicious on your charms,
Th' insale sweet fragrance from your lip,
And die of rapture in your arms?

O dear, how I love you,
I wish I could have you,
I'd make you a madam,
You'd ne'er say "I fad am."

EDWY AND AMELIA;

or the CHARMING MORN.

UPROSE the Sun, and up Amelia rose;
The lark, high soaring tun'd his morning
lay;
The painted land-scapes here and there dis-
close
The pride of Flora and the boast of May.

When through the fields young Edwy tripp'd
with glee,
The feather'd choirs all hail him with a song,
And all seem'd blest, but none more blithe
than he,
Who sung and whistled as he hied along.

Amelia met him as he cross'd the farm;
She too was out the morning to enjoy,
Possess'd of every grace that's form'd to charm,
Without an art adapted to destroy.

Good morning, Edwy, fair Amelia cries—
A charming morning, as she quickly past,
Good morning, Dear, young Edwy quick re-
plies,
A charming morn, indeed! but why so fast?

She stopp'd—their artless prattle soon was o'er;
Together home they danc'd across the lawn;
Next Sunday join'd their hands to part no
more,
And since they've witness'd many a charm-
ing morn.

UNITY.

Thus recogniz'd, the spring of life and
thought!
Eternal, self-deriv'd, and unbegot!
Approach, celestial Muse, th' empyreal throne,
And awfully adore th' exalted One!
In nature pure, in place supremely free,
And happy in essential unity!
Bless'd in himself, had from his forming hand
No creatures sprung to hail his wide com-
mand;
Bless'd had the sacred fountain ne'er run o'er,
A boundless sea of bliss that knows no shore!

Nor sense can two prime organs conceive,
Nor reason two eternal Gods believe!
Could the wild Manichæan own that guide;
The good will triumph and all the ill beside!
Again would vanquish'd Arimanius bleed,
And darkness from prevailing light recede!

In different individuals we find
An evident disparity of mind;
Hence ductile thought a thousand changes
gains,
And actions vary as the will ordains;
But should two Beings, equally supreme,
Divided pow'r, and parted empire claim;
How soon would universal order cease!
How soon would discord harmony displace!
Eternal schemes maintain eternal fight,
Nor yield, supported by eternal might;
Where each would uncontroul'd his aim pur-
sue,
The links dis sever, or the chain renew;
Matter from motion cross impressions take,
As serv'd each pow'r his rival's pow'r to break,
While neutral Chaos, from his deep recess,
Would view the never-ending strife increase,
And bless the contest that secur'd his peace!
While new creations would opposing rise,
And elemental war deform the skies!
Around wild uproar and confusion hurl'd,
Eclipse the heav'ns, and waste the ruin'd
world.

Two independent causes to admit,
Destroys religion, and debases wit;
The first by such an anarchy undone,
The last acknowledges its source but one.
As from the main the mountain rills are
drawn,
That wind irriguous thro' the flow'ry lawn;
So, mindful of their spring, one course they
keep,
Exploring, till they find their native deep!

Exalted Pow'r! invisible, supreme,
Thou sov'reign, sole unutterable name!
As round thy throne thy flaming seraph's
stand,
And touch the golden lyre with trembling
hand;
Too weak thy pure effulgence to behold,
With their rich plumes their dazzled eyes in-
fold;
Transported with the ardors of thy praise,
The holy! holy! holy! anthem raise!
To them, responsive, let creation sing,
Thee, indivisible eternal King!

THE WORLD.

THE world's a book, writ by th' eternal
art
Of the great Author; printed in man's heart;
'Tis falsely printed, tho' divinely penn'd,
And all th' errata will appear at th' end.